Dentist

He accounts decay by morning light,
I phrase colors of the corrugated
    shed three stories down,

      changing the language
    as light changes and when

    it stops, the words must
             advance in order

 to save us. We say too much
and yet at a still point are graced.

Now he tells his speech again--no use
 to talk to me. But, then, I listen
     since we are all of us forgiven.